THE PACIFIC

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A MORNING HOUR.

Bright morning breaks, herald of coming day,
Darkness is thinning, shadows flee away,
Mid morning dews we turn a suppliant eye,
To Him whose glory gilds the morning sky.

O Thou, whose sunbeams make the heavens bright,
O Thou, who art Thyself the light of light,
Dawn on our souls in day that hath no night.

Dawn and with still increasing glory rise,
To fill our hearts, as daylight fills the skies;
O fill them till from earth's defilement free,
They are transformed in glory to Thee.

—Donald Cameron.

Berkeley, California.

THE PACIFIC

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THE RELIGIOUS NEED OF STATE UNIVERSITY STUDENTS.

A Berkeley reader of The Pacific calls attention to the fact that the Roman Catholics have a resident pastor at "Newman Hall," near the University of California, for Catholic young men and women, and wonders why something is not done to care for the Protestant students in like manner. Perhaps others are wondering similarly.

In a paper on "Present Day Congregationalism in California," read at the annual meeting of the Home Missionary Society in San Francisco in June, and published later in The Pacific, the Rev. Albert W. Palmer, of Plymouth Church, Oakland, said that one of the outstanding problems of present-day Congregationalism in California was the religious quickening of the University. Statistics were presented showing that Congregationalists have between three and four hundred students in the University; that Presbyterians, Episcopalians and Methodists have each a larger number. Yet nothing is being done for them religiously except the little that is done by the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A., each with a very inadequate equipment. Some of those students of course attend the Berkeley churches on Sunday, but the pastors of those churches have too much to do to allow of any special attention to the religious needs of so large a body of students.

Mr. Palmer suggested in his paper two things to be done:

"(1) The leading Protestant denominations ought to get behind a common movement to build a splendid club house to cost not less than $200,000, and to be conducted preferably by the Y. M. C. A. . For each denomination to build a club house of its own would be folly. It would be the old story of a divided Protestantism in the face of a united Catholicism. This is tremendously urgent. Unless the Protestant denominations improve this day of opportunity, it will not be long before some private benefaction to the University will be used to erect such a student social center, and the chance to build it under church auspices and make it also a religious center will be gone forever!

"(2) The second thing which ought to be done is this. The Congregationalists of the state ought to help support a student pastor to work in conjunction with the Berkeley churches and the student Y. M. C. A. and devote his entire time to work among students. These students are going out all over the state to be our lawyers, doctors, teachers, merchants, legislators. Will they also be our deacons, trustees, Sunday-school superintendents and ministers? They will not to any appreciable degree, unless we bestir ourselves so to present religion at the University gates that it shall appear to be as dignified, and important as it really is."

We are not aware that any action has been taken, and our suggestion is that the matter be taken up at the annual meeting of the conference of Congregatioanl churches in Berkeley in October and the co-operation of other denominations be sought for the establishing of a religious club house such as is herein mentioned. The meeting in Berkeley could in this way be made to mark an epoch in the religious history of California.

We notice that our Roman Catholic brethren are working so as to make the most of their facilities. In a recent number of "The Monitor," the San Francisco paper representing Pacific Coast Catholicism, we find the following:

"Every year a large number of Catholic students enter the State University attracted by the generous opportunities offered in Medicine, Law, Electrical, Mining and Mechanical Engineering, Agriculture and other technical branches. It is for the purpose of saving to our Holy Faith these young men and women that Most Reverend Archbishop Riordan has established at the University the institution known as Newman Hall. At this institution students have an opportunity to hear lectures, conferences and sermons calculated to supplement their work at the University. The library and reading rooms, which are provided with standard Catholic works and periodicals, are open to students every day throughout the year.

"Experience shows that the advantages offered by the Hall cannot safely be neglected by the Catholic young men and women at the University. If you should know any Catholic students who are about to enter the University, lose no time in informing them of the existence of this institution and ask them to affiliate themselves with the Newman Club when they arrive at Berkeley. A word from you now may eventually mean the saving of a soul. Besides, there are social advantages offered by the Newman Club which cannot be overlooked. As its various functions one meets the best people, and every opportunity for wholesom pleasure is afforded. 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy' is a truism which the Paulist Fathers, who so ably direct the Newman Club keep ever in mind."

The disposition to look after the students in the state colleges in the manner herein suggested is growing throughout the country.

In an article in The Continent on "Religion in Iowa State Colleges," appear the following statements:

"1. College students removed from home life and churchly care, wholly occupied by the college duties through the six week days, devoted to the special courses of study. anxious to make good records, become exposed to many doubts and are in great danger of losing their church loyalty, and of surrendering their religious faith while in the state colleges.

"2. Many more young people from the church denominations are now attending the state colleges than the denominational colleges.

3. The state colleges are not expected to teach religion.

They all advocate good morals, and emphasize Christian ethics, but they dare not do what is termed sectarian work. They permit voluntary Bible study on the side, chapels are open for general preaching services on the Sabbath, Y. M. C. A.'s are encouraged in their general work, but church work as now conducted by the several denominations has no place in the state college course. The tendency of this influence is to educate our many young people out of the church, instead of into it.

4. The church can't afford to lose her many young people who attend the state colleges. The leakage just here has already been great. To retain our sons and daughters to church loyalty, through this period of scientific investigation, the church must provide for their religious instruction and their church training.

"5. There should be ample and attractive churches with well educated ministers in close touch with all our state colleges for the religious benefit of the many students."

Following these statements is the announcement that the Presbyterian Church, through its Board of Education is now seeking to do her part in this direction, and that student pastors have been placed in Iowa State University at Iowa City and in the College for Agriculture and Mechanical Arts at Ames.

In several educational institutions in the East there have been denominational halls for some time and they have shown their worth.

But what we hope to see in California is something along the line of the suggestion made by Mr. Palmer. This would be an advanced step in denominational co-operation; and so imposing could the work be made in this co-operative way that it would appeal to students as nothing on a small scale could appeal.

It need not necessarily be made a Y. M. C. A. and a Y. W. C. A. affair, but a United Protestant work in which the Associations could have part.

A HOUSEKEEPER DETECTIVE.

The Commissioner of Weights and Measures of New York City, has recently appointed woman inspectors to travel about the city, ascertaining how the shop-keepers treat their customers in the matter of just weights and measures. One of these women, appearing very young and inexperienced as a housekeeper, the pioneer of the new profession, visits stores complained against, and asks to purchase something. Thinking she is a new arrival in the neighborhood or too young to suspect wrong, they occasionally pass to her some short weight or short measure. She comments upon prices and weights, just like any housekeeper, then just as her purchase is to be wrapped up, she shows her city badge from the department, saying pleasantly, but in a business-like manner, "I am an inspector from the bureau of weights and measures, just to verify the weight of this purchase"; and taking from her handbag the proper standards, she tests the store-scales and perhaps the package. It is soon done; and if the scales have been tampered with the city government steps in to attend to the guilty shop-keeper.

There has been much talk recently about short weights and measures in other cities, and the need of some municipal ordinance and provision for the protection of the people.

I trust our local store-keepers are just and fair with us. "A false balance is an abomination to the Lord, but a just weight is his delight." But it is the duty of purchaser as well as seller, to see, as far as possible, that the dealings at the counter are right and only right, in both parties. The carelessness of one party is temptation placed in the way of the other.

Seattle, Wash.

THE GERMANY OF TODAY.

John Wright Buckham.

A factory chimney next a ruined castle, an electric car detained by an antique cart drawn by a cow, an alley widening into a boulevard, a department-store on the street, and an open market in the square, a Parisian gown brushing against a peasant costume of the time of the Reformation—these are some of the contrasts which help one to realize how new is the new Germany and how old is the old Germany, and how swift and long is the leap from the one to the other. The picturesque and the practical, the quiet flow of storied streams and the noise and whirl of the latest machinery, the dreamy harmony of old church bells and the quick pulse-beat of modern life—where may one experience the reality of these opposites more keenly than in the Germany of today?

Who or what has made this Germany of today—a united, progressive, patriotic people? Frederick the Great? Luther? Bismarck? Schiller? Good government? Good generalship? Good people? War or peace? Science or philosophy? Brawn or brain? Blood and iron? Or poetry and faith? All of these forces, and more, together, have accomplished the splendid result. And who shall say in what proportion? Schiller without Bismarck could not have done it, nor Bismarck without Schiller; Frederick the Great without Luther nor Luther without Frederick the Great; war without peace nor peace without war; strong rulers without a strong people nor strong people without strong rulers; poetry without science nor science without poetry; knowledge without faith nor faith without knowledge. And, as reads the motto over many a German dwelling, public building and monument, "Soli Deo Gloria."

Yet Germany is not completed; she is still in the making, and one may see the forces at work—some of them not so hopeful as they might be—that are fashioning her future. She cannot stand still; there is no danger (shall we say no hope?) of that. Currents are forming and flowing in her life that will make the future either greater than the present or immeasurably less great, according as they are guided.

In the first place, there is the industrial movement. What does it mean? Whither does it tend? The tourist sees little or nothing of the industrial life of Europe. The central railway stations, the art galleries and gardens and churches, and the tourist quarters lie far apart from the factories and homes of the laboring people, with their struggles, their ambitions and their grievances. Yet there are hints of it all, if one has his eyes open. For example, the enchanted tourist wandered through the allurements of Pragerstrasse in Dresden a short time since, he might have seen in one of the art windows a collection of etchings by a well-known Berlin artist, representing scenes in the life of the laborer, grim processions on their way to the worshop, mad rushes toward the scene of a strike, dark conspiracies in cellars, tragedies of want and grief in sunless and crowded sick chambers. Has Germany—has

any nation?—yet learned that a people cannot become sound and strong until it has righted the conditions of labor, until it has taken the laboring people to its heart and made their cause its own? Is the spirit of humanity, of self-sacrifice, of democracy in Germany strong enough for this great social crusade?

The religious outlook, too, is disturbing. Germany, even more than England and America, is living upon the religious faith of the fathers. The intellectual life has outgrown the old doctrines and forms of worship, and the Church is doing pitifully little to relate Christianity to modern life and thought. The universities have freedom, breadth, scholarship, culture, but they lack the enthusiasm of faith and devotion to the Ideal. A man of philosophical insight and power, like Eucken for example, has hardly more recognition in Germany than in England and America. In the field of literature there are no great spiritual leaders. Everywhere men are longing and searching for prophets, only to find reeds shaken by the wind. Temporary discipleships wax and wane. The Nietszche cult reached its zenith three or four years ago, and is now declining. The propaganda of Haeckel and Ostwald is sure to prove inadequate. The love of the artistic, deeply rooted in Germany, is growing fast, but too far divorced from ethical and spiritual idealism, threatens to become the parent of luxury and inertia. Will new spiritual leaders arise equal to the need of the time, and if they appear will they receive recognition and allegiance?

Finally, what will be the direction and outcome of German patriotism? The patriotism of Germany cannot but make a deep impression upon the stranger. It is strong, jubilant, vital, rooted in a rich soil of sacrifice and achievement, glorying in a noble present, confident of a great future. But it bears the character and impress of the history out of which it has developed. It is a patriotism of conquest, of centralization, of self-development. It is essentially a militant patriotism. Will such a patriotism allow itself to be molded into the new patriotism of peace? Will it ever consent to give up the ideal of superiority for the ideal of service? Will it ever be ready to sing, instead of "Germany over all," **Germany for all?** May we hope to see compulsory military service become simply a training for manhood and good citizenship, in which the bearing of arms has only a subordinate and disciplinary part? In a word, have we any reason to hope that the German people will ever place humanity first and Germany second? For idealistic and visionary as that may seem, it is, in fact, the only aim that can make a nation great in this new era.

Every day it becomes clearer that the evils which are now oppressing humanity—poverty, disease, crime, discontent—can never be removed, the great problems which are now agitating the world—the labor problem, the social problem, disarmament, the tariff—can never be solved except by international co-operation. And international co-operation depends upon international brotherhood. Each nation must learn to put the welfare of the race, our total humanity, first, just as each German state has learned to put the Empire first. With that day will come the Golden Age. The time of its coming depends very largely upon Germany. If she abandons the idea of precedence for the idea of servicee, the way will be open for the speedy achievement, not only of international arbitration but of international co-operation. On the other hand, if Germany holds fast to the old type of patriotism, noble in its day, but that day now passing away, the progress of the race will be incalculably retarded. It is a vital issue and one that calls for the self-sacrifice without which no great and lasting gain can be achieved. Germany today is as the young ruler that had great possessions.

There is much in the German people to inspire confidence and arouse hope. They are genuine, trustworthy, broad-minded and large-hearted. They love nature and children, and are probably as true, if not truer, to the home than any great nation of our time. They incline naturally to the noble and the true. They have the spirit of faith and idealism. And if they are proud of their country—its achievements, its unity, its promise—they have reason to be. Yet there is no disguising the problems, the perils and the responsibilities that confront this fatherland, this youthland of the Western world.

Berkeley, Cal.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY SAMARITAN.

The Rev. Charles R. Brown Applies the Jericho Road Story to Modern Life in London Pulpit.

"Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, I, when I come back again, will repay thee."—St. Luke x:35.

Why do we always say "the Good Samaritan"? He is not called that in the parable. Jesus referred to him as "a certain Samaritan." Yet inasmuch as the real name of this Samaritan is not stated, the world has named him "good"; and wheresoever the parable is read the whole earth round this man of kindness is referred to uniformly as "the Good Samaritan."

When the story is commented upon the emphasis is usually laid upon the alleviative aspect of it. He brought relief to the man who had been robbed and wounded and left half dead. He bound up his wounds and poured in oil and wine—a little oil on the bandages to make them soft, a little wine down the man's throat to restore him, for he was half dead. Then he got him up on his own beast and took him to the inn. He saved the man's life, undoubtedly, for the poor fellow would have died, if not from his wounds and loss of blood, from the exposure, if he had been left there out on the road.

It is a beautiful picture of painstaking, unselfish kindness, and we can understand how the Master in His own matchless speech framed that picture and hung it in the sky for all the eyes to look up at, and then told them to go and do likewise if they were intent on eternal life.

But is nothing needed to complete the picture? If you were starting out to bring it down to date, and to incorporate it into this twentieth century life of ours, would you need to add anything more? It seems to me that you would. The text is a kind of blank order; it is not filled up, but leaves the way open for every man to write in whatever further service may be needed to make the picture complete, and the Good Samaritan stands out ready to foot the bill.

"Take care of him"; not only now, but next week, next year. He may be called upon to travel again the same road, infested with thieves and robbers; he may be exposed again to the danger of being beaten and robbed and left half dead. "Take care of him" opens the door wide and calls upon us for a service which perhaps is not altogether alleviative. This one man who has been robbed and wounded stands as the representative of the entire section of humanity which finds itself worsted in making its journey along the road. The commission is given to us

and refers to something more than merely alleviating the wounds. It indicates that we should go a little further back up the road and apply our service earlier. It was suggested by some pious commentator that the Good Samaritan did not go out and attack the robber with a shot-gun, but simply bound up the wounds of the unfortunate man and took good care of him. All this is true as far as it goes, but if hundreds of men had been robbed and left half dead upon the road, would it not have been necessary for the Good Samaritan to do good and then get after the robbers with a shot-gun? Is not that implied in the great commission?

The wounded man is only a symptom of wrong conditions that existed along that road from Jerusalem to Jericho. It is a symptom to be studied. Modern physicians tell us they do not treat symptoms—they treat conditions and causes. When a woman has a headache she goes out to the chemist's and gets twopennyworth of phenacetin or antipyrin or some one of the wretched coal-tar preparations which will stop the headache; but the pyysician inquires into the cause, and seeks to remove it and to restore the patient to her normal condition, so that there may not be another attack tomorrow or next week.

Causes and Conditions.

When we study the causes and conditions which were wrong we find these were two-fold. There were robbers lurking there among the rocks, and there was a corrupt and indifferent Government, which did not supply adequate police protection for its citizens, and consequently it was dangerous. It is so to this hour. When I was in Palestine a few years ago I was advised to pay ten shillings each for myself and my wife for protection from Bedouin robbers. We were going alone, except for the dragoman, and we paid the ten shillings. And, sure enough, when we were about half-way between Jerusalem and Jericho, a wild-looking Bedouin rode up on horseback and collected the ten shillings a head from us and went off, leaving us unmolested. If I had not thus paid for protection I might have been wounded and robbed and beaten, and left half-dead, and in need of the kindly offices of some Good Samaritan; and the Government wink at it, and allow robbers to take their toll from the men who travel from Jerusalem down to Jericho.

The wounded man was a symptom, the condition lay in the presence of the robbers and in a corrupt Government which allowed such a thing to go on. Now, the wise way is to deal not with the symptom, but with the underlying conditions. But when we look out upon human society, with its pain and its poverty and its crime, we should study the symptoms, and then look deeper, and ask ourselves what is the cause of such a tremendous array of poverty and pain and crime, in order that we may do something to stop the supply of need thus unloaded upon society.

Alleviation and Prevention.

For example, a few years ago in San Francisco there was an epidemic of bubonic plague. It was the part of the Good Samaritan to take up any of the poor Chinese who had become affected by that terrible disease, but it was also the Good Samaritan's duty to kill the rats that brought the disease, and to clean up Chinatown, and so restore conditions as to make the spread of the plague impossible. If in any community here in England typhoid fever becomes epidemic, and many people are suffering, it is a duty to do everything for their recovery, but if that typhoid fever comes from impure milk it is no less Samaritan-like to get at the dairyman with a heavy stick. If it comes from bad water it is no less Samaritan-like for scientific intelligence and political action to see that the water supply is purified. All along the line you see that being a Good Samaritan in this twentieth century involves something more than alleviative effort—it must also be preventive if we are to carry out the commission given to us here.

We shall never interpret this parable of the Good Samaritan by simply relieving pain or poverty without dealing with the fundamental causes of it all. If you find in your own home that the waterpipe has burst in the kitchen the first thing you do is not to mop up the floor. Your first concern is to get the water turned off and the pipe repaired. And if we find poured out upon us continually such a supply of human want and despair and crime as taxes the kindness of the world beyond its ability, our fundamental concern is to see if something cannot be done to turn off the faucet that gives us the supply. We are expending every year millions of pounds in the relief of human need, but if we are ever to be able to deal adequately with the matter it will be necessary that the finest sociological intelligence and the most resolute political energy shall be used in endeavoring to decrease the supply.

Take the word of the Good Samaritan seriously, "Take care of him," and you will find a bit of work cut out for you. It may be necessary to pour in something else than oil and wine. It may be that there are malefactors who are engaged six days a week in manufacturing poverty, in increasing the menace of vice, in helping to make disease more prevalent by the hurtful operations they set in vogue. If that is true it is not oil and wine that needs to be poured in so much as hot shot. The hand of help must be stretched out in a kindly way, and we ought never to forget to reach forth that hand. But the hand doubled into a fist, strong, resolute, hard to smite the evil that is causing this distress, has also to be stretched out. God pity the world if we should ever become so soft, so sentimental as to forget how to strike evil betwen the eyes.

Modern Thieves and Robbers.

Take these four words, "Thou shalt ont steal." Certainly, you say, it is a commonplace. You must not take cash out of another's pocket; certainly not. But when some man lets an insanitary disease-breeding tenement or cottage he is robbing of their health the men, the women, and the children who spend their days and their nights there, as really as the Bedouins robbed the traveller on the road to Jericho; and he is meaner than the Bedouins, for they at least attack men of their own size. It takes longer to kill men and women in an insanitary tenement or cottage than on the roadside, but when it is done it is murder all the same. The proprietor or corporation owning a great department store that compels young girls to stand behind the counter, whether waiting on customers or not, for twenty-six days in the month, is robbing these girls of their vitality, and, what is more, is robbing the coming generation of its chance to be well formed when these girls become wives and mothers in their time. And these men, too, are meaner than the Bedouins, who take only a man's purse, while these are taking away the women's vitality and the chance of the little lives to be. The same is true of the great factory employing immature labor, robbing boys and girls of their health and taking away the zest and joy of life. Those who thus rob young lives of health and education and joy in life must be

classed with the Bedouins. They are thieves and robbers.

Take industrial accidents, many of them preventable, caused by dangerous machinery, or on railroads not properly safeguarded, which mean loss and sorrow in many a home. Until a few years ago we had not made much progress. Railroads in many countries resisted the idea of introducing the block system and automatic couplings. In my own country the railroads every year killed one man out of thirty-seven, and maimed one out of every eleven, and they went on until public sentiment raised indignation, and compelled them by law to save the lives of those who were employed.

Two forms of effort need to go hand in hand. "Behold, then, the goodness and the severity of God." They go together, hand in hand, in forgiving, in redeeming men from evil; but administering in some ways with a strong hand, rebuking, chastising, punishing the evil which occasions the distress. And in every picture of the Good Samaritan there must be the strong hand of justice as well as the kind hand for the work of alleviation. Until we have these together we have not a complete picture of that compassion which Jesus enjoined upon us.

It is a long way, someone has said, from a board of directors sitting in a comfortable room deciding to reduce running expenses, to yonder factory where their policy may increase liability to loss of limb and life, may reduce wages so that there shall be narrowness and want; but the eyes of the Almighty travel the whole distance and accurately assess and apportion the blame.

How many of you read a little book published in my country by Edward A. Ross entitled "Latter-Day Sinners and Saints"? In that book the writer drew a picture of the Last Judgment. It might be in the great day, he said, that someone might come forward and say, "I have been so busy I have not had time nor money to feed the hungry or clothe the naked, or visit the sick and imprisoned, as many others have done; but I did this—I found the public Press throttled and gagged in a certain community by certain interests, and I blew a strong blast summoning men to fight for righteousness. I found certain political parties who were spending their money in improper ways to secure their ends, and I stood for publicity of campaign expenses in order that scandal might be prevented. In a word, I was personally wounded and robbed and beaten along the road to Jericho in a hundred different ways! and I struggled to make conditions other than they were, and now I present myself." And will not that man receive the word, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord"? I believe that he will. The man who has been engaged in generous, practical, kindly work of alleviation comes in for recognition, and the man who has gone on resolutely in his fight that conditions may be made safer, he also will come in for recognition and reward.

Our Lord's Two Methods.

There are some things which can be cured by kindness and alleviation, and some which cannot. Our Master practised both methods. He opened the eyes of the blind, unstopped deaf ears, caused the lame to walk, and the dumb to speak. Yet when He went into the Temple and found it full of dishonest money-changers who were fleecing the people, you remember what He did. He did not speak soft words, He did not suggest to these men that they should occasionally offer a cup of cold water as a kind of offset to their wrong-doing. He entered in, as John says, His eyes like a flame of fire, His feet as fine brass, and His voice as the sound of many waters and in the heat of His spiritual passion He drove them out and made His Father's house once more a house of prayer for all nations. He set Himself no less resolutely against evil than He showed Himself kindly alleviative in the presence of pain. His work was not only alleviative; it was also corrective and restorative, that the conditions of life might be made right.

The wealth of any country, as your own Ruskin would say, does not consist in the amount of money in its banks or in the mileage of its railways, or in the great volume of its exports, or in the yield of its acreage. The wealth of a country consists only in the number of able-bodied, bright-eyed, clear-headed, joyous-hearted men, women and children it can show. Here is its wealth, and it lies within the power of everyone to do something to increase that wealth in his own section of the Jericho road. Wherever he may be placed he may combat strongly those conditions which make against men, women and children being able-bodied, bright-eyed, clear-headed, joyous-hearted. He may strive to make his own section of the Jericho road a safer and smoother place for men to travel. And when he is intent on giving that service he will find himself enrolled alongside the Good Samaritan who came in for such praise at the hands of Christ.

A HOME DEPARTMENT WEEKLY FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

T. A. Waltrip.

When Dr. Duncan, the founder and father of the Home Department of the Sunday-school, wrote me a few weeks ago to prepare a paper, for the International Sunday-school Convention, setting forth "The Especial Value" of a weekly Sunday-school Lesson Paper like the Sunday-school Times, devoted to the Home and Home Life, over a quarterly Lesson Help, I said: "That is just like the good father that he is, providing in the best possible way for the mental and moral welfare of his children." It is no small family that he has to train and care for and what greater monument could he erect for the cause of Christ, for the benefit of the home, and at the same time, for his own glorious memory, than the establishing of just such a paper as he has asked me to advocate.

I believe the time is ripe for the launching of such an enterprise, and the suggestion should speedily materialize in a printing press, an editorial staff, and a 10,000 subscription list to begin with. Who'll be the first paid-up subscriber?

What is the "Especial Value" of such a paper? Why a weekly for the Home Department?

First: This is a reading age—an age of selection and adaptation. Not only has the writer become a specialist but so too has the reader. The day of the "patent medicine that cures all" has passed. So, too, has the paper that covers all departments of literature, science, and religion.

In the last field alone, we have the Superintendent's Monthly, the Teacher's Journal, the Adult Bible Class Quarterly, besides a paper and lesson leaf for each grade and department of the School. We are not ready to admit that the Home Department is less important than the other departments of the School.

Second: The publishing of a Home Department paper every week, with a special exegesis of the lesson throwing a flood of light upon the social and religious duties of the home, would be altogether in harmony with our graded

lesson system. The Home Department is in a class by itself and is entitled to a special message, fresh and stimulating, each week. Never before were parents so deeply interested in Bible Study and Sunday-school methods. We are just beginning to realize the opportunities and possibilities of the Home Department and to fail to provide fresh, nourishing food at this stage will mean stagnation in growth and development, if not decay and death. Let us plead for a paper for the Home Department in which the ripest and best thought of the graded lesson system will culminate.

Third: A third advantage of a weekly paper would be this: That a need that has long been felt in our homes would be supplied. The home is the center and the very best means should be used to lodge the message in the family circle.

It is true that in most of our weekly papers such as the Sunday-school Times, there is a home department page, but most of the members of the Home Department do not see it. It is also true that very many of our teachers' monthlies and quarterlies have most excellent helps and suggestions for parents, but they too do not see these helps, nor even know of their existence. They pass unseen into the waste basket. The same is true of our denominational weeklies. There is usually the page for the Home and it is splendidly edited, but because it is a side issue it is not generally read.

Let us have a Home Department paper whose first aim will be to satisfy the need of every member of the Home Department. In view of the fact that many home departments are giving much attention to "family classes," where all the members of the family are present to study the lesson together, it is particularly desirable to have a Sunday-school newspaper that will bring to its readers not only the news of the Sunday-school world, but will present the graded treatment of the lessons and through various question boxes solve the parent problems and prove a strong ally in holding the interest of the student. "Well" says one, "the expense will be too great, many homes cannot afford it." The expense—which need not be more than the cost of the "Times," or $1.00 a year, is not too much for a family to invest. No price would be too high that trains the parents to be better teachers in the home. We do not need better teachers in the Sunday-school more than we need better teachers in the home. Besides, it is possible to create an endowment fund for the publication of such a paper, so that those who cannot afford to pay for it could receive free copies.

An endowment for an educational campaign of this character would be a monument of Christian benevolence, of which all donors would be proud. "Well," says another, "if all people would read their Bibles at home there would be no need of the Sunday-school, and if all parents would teach their children what they know of the Book, there would be no need of a Home-Sunday-school paper."

One might reply that if all parents would teach their children at home there would be no need of the public school; as a government we could save annually many millions of dollars. If all parents would teach their children to be good, kind, submissive, and train them to become peaceable citizens, there would be no need of expending $600,000,000.00 annually for arms, battlships and naval equipments. But we have to face the facts as they are. There has been a sad mistake, a direful neglect somewhere, and today most parents are not only not teaching their children how to use and apply the Bible to life, but they are not capable of doing this work.

Moreover, in our crowded busy life, they do not have the time to teach. They must leave this to specialists. And here is the opportunity for a paper to enter the home that will do the specific, important work that is so greatly needed.

Well, says some one, what is the objection to the Quarterly of the Home Department? Is that not sufficient? I once tried a quarterly bulletin in a country church, but the most of the published matter became rather stale and insipid after the second week. Who cares to read a newspaper when it is a month old? The Home Department literature is not read only by the aged and shut-ins, but by the young and virile, and there must be a twentieth century message clothed in twentieth century language. It must be fresh, vigorous, and present not only the vision of the mountain-top but the opportune service of the valley. It must deal with timely topics and every-day affairs and must carry the gospel of practical Christianity where people live. Dr. Duncan closes his letter by saying, "We need a paper that will say more about mother, father and home, and less about theology, sociology and pedagogy." Possibly we do not need more theology, but we do need more of God in our homes. We may not need more said about sociology, but we do need to be more social, to think less of self and more of others. We may not need more treatise of pedagogy, but we certainly need more sympathy with the child, better methods of teaching and training and all of these are opportunities for the editor in this new field of Christian journalism and education.

Los Angeles, Cal.

SEVEN CITIES — THEIR DIFFICULTIES, THEIR DREAMS, THEIR ACHIEVEMENTS, AS SEEN BY A VACATION WANDERER.

2. The George Junior Republic—A City in Miniature.
(From a series of Sunday Evening Sermons by Albert W. Palmer, pastor of Plymouth Church, Oakland.)

"Down with the boss,
Down with the tramp,
Down with the pauper,
Down with the scamp,
Up with the freeman,
Up with the wise,
Up with the thrifty,
On to the prize."

This is the yell of the George Junior Republic as "Daddy" George himself wrote it down for me on the fly leaf of his most interesting book, "The Junior Republic—Its History and Ideals."

I saw the Republic before I read the book and found it one of the most interesting of the seven cities I visited in my vacation wanderings. Of course it is a very small city indeed—a city in miniature. It looks very much like any other hilltop village and on an auto trip or riding in a buggy you might drive right through the Republic and never know it—unless perchance your eye was caught by the barred windows of the beautiful brick jail.

The Junior Republic takes boys who have been terrors to the police and makes them good citizens. But it is not an ordinary Reform School by any means. It is one of the most interesting economic experiments in existance. But it does not exploit any peculiar theories; indeed it is startlingly orthodox in its political economy. It is simply, as some one has said, "Democracy itself ap-

plied to a very puzzling problem, with results which are wonderfully and startlingly successful."

There are three things which as I studied it seemed to me fundamental in the Republic. The first is the personality of Mr. William R. George, the originator of the idea. Everybody calls him "Daddy" and you do yourself after you have been there an hour or so, if you go as a privileged guest as I did. Absurd as the word looks in print, it does not sound absurd in the Republic. He is a big, wholesouled, warm-hearted man, loving boys and girls with almost womanly tenderness, but reading their lives and motives with a shrewdness of insight not in the least blurred by his kindness of heart. He was born on a farm near the Republic and in his early young manhood moved to New York where the boys and girls of the crowded city streets made an irresistible appeal to him. He organized them into clubs and one summer took a bunch of the toughest of them into the country. They gave him a good deal of trouble but he continued to take these fresh air parties for several years. These summer camps grew, by a very interesting process of economic development, into a George Junior Republic which is now not a summer camp, but an all the year round village.

The second fundamental thing about the Republic is its rock-bottom principal "nothing without labor."

Mr. George discovered this principal back in the summer camp days. He found the children coming to him and asking him, "Are we goin to git tings when we goes home," and he found that the experience of getting something for nothing on these summer excursions was proving very demoralizing to the children. One day when a box of good second-hand clothing arrived a bright idea struck him and, holding up a suit of clothes, he called to a bright street boy "Mickey" by name and asked him how much it was worth. The boy looked it over with a practiced eye and said it was worth $5.00. "Aw youse could'nt get dat suit for $5.00" howled the crowd around him, "Dat suit is wort $6.00." But Mr. George decided that for the purpose of getting the proposition before them they they would say it was worth $5.00. Then he asked Mickey how much he could earn a day. Mickey thought he could earn a dollar if he hustled. "Aw youse could'nt earn a dollar a day," came up a chorus of voices. But Mickey allowed he could if he had Murder Extras to sell. So Mr. George assumed that Mickey's earning capacity was a dollar a day. Then he said, "Say Mickey, you agree this suit is worth $5.00, you come around here tomorrow morning and take a pick and shovel and work hard upon that road for five days. At the end of the fifth day I'll give you that suit which you say is really worth more money. How is that for a fine bargain?" Up went a perfect howl from the assembled company, "What, you are going to make us work for them old rags? Not on your tin-type! The result of this incident was that Mickey finally decided to work for the suit. After he had earned it he came around to borrow a flat-iron to put come creases in the trousers of it—surely a first rate evidence of the regard in which he held what he had actually worked for. One year after Mr. George met Mickey in New York City. He still had on the famous suit and he said, "I never thot so much of a suit of close in all me life as I tink of dese. Dey are beginnin to look kind of shiny but it seems like I can't give dem up. I guess "said he, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "dat when I get true wid dem I'll have to put 'em in a glass case." Mickey's example was followed in due time by the other members of the colony. As soon as they learned that they could not obtain something for nothing any longer and Mr. George observed that the boys were happier and that there was less trouble of discipline when they were at work than in the old days when things had been given them.

In the present Republic "nothing without labor" is rigidly adhered to. Every boy who comes to the Republic is given a small amount of capital to start with and then has to find a job. He is paid so much a week in Republic money for attending school and he can apply for a job at the bakery or the printing office, or the carpenter shop, or the laundry or the dairy, or the vegetable garden, and out of the proceeds of this job, plus the pay for going to school, he will have enough to more than pay for his board and lodging and laundry if he manages his finances carefully. He can obtain rooms of varying degrees of luxury with corresponding prices and meals more or less elaborate according to price, and upon his willingness to work, his thrift, and his management of his money depends the style in which he lives in the Republic. The following incident in Mr. George's own words illustrates the working of this economic principle and its effect on character building:—

"A young man, whom I call Charlie, reared in a home bordering on luxury, came to the Republic as a citizen. In order to secure the comforts of the little village, he parted with some of his trinkets and clothing. He had been previously cautioned against doing this, but he seemed to feel he would find a way out should dire necessity force him to work. A little time before he came to the end of his rope, he discovered the inevitable, but instead of getting a job and trying to hold what remained of his money which he had received for the sale of his personal property, for a rainy day, he gave up his pleasant boarding place, and went to the "Garroot," where lodgings were ten cents, and he dined at the cheap restaurant where meals could also be secured for ten cents. Although this was humiliating, he evidently regarded it as not being quite as disgraceful as working.

About the same time another boy came to the Republic with a record of "having done time" in a reform school. He hadn't been a resident long in the community before he stole, got caught, and was sent to jail. His first sentence was brief; when he got out he stole again, got caught, and was sent to jail for a longer period. When he got out on this occasion, he stole for the third time; he was arrested and sent to jail for a still longer period. When he came out the last time he said: "I can't keep this up, it's too hard work for no money; besides it isn't nice to have the fellers regard you as a crook. I think I'll get wise to myself, and get busy doing something honest." As he was naturally a hard worker, he secured a job, and his record improved. Finally, he concluded he would like to take the hotel business and run it on contract. He did so, starting with one of the cheapest boarding establishments; by thrift and management a short time later he was almost monopolizing the "hotel system." All this time he had lived in one of the smallest rooms of the hotel. One day he was found fixing up a large room; he was decorating it with pretty pictures and pieces of bric-a-brac he had purchased in the Republic store. He was complimented on his good taste in selecting such a nice room and fixing it up so tastily. "Yes," he said, "I thought I'd spread out a bit. I can afford to do it and I thought in a way I ought to live up to my reputation of being a fellow who got rich in the Junior Republic."

"Well," he was answered, "you have earned it honestly, you have got it by hard work."

He turned, and with tears in his eyes, said: "Do you know the reason I work so hard?"

"No, unless it is you've got the habit and can't help it."

"No," said he, "I am obliged to work hard like this to keep from taking things that don't belong to me. There isn't a fellow comes into the Republic with a watch or jewelry of any kind but what my fingers just tingle to get hold of it," and he continued, pathetically, "I have to work and work with all my might to keep the temptation to take these things out of my mind."

I left the room pondering on his statement, for I knew it came from the heart. A few days later, radiant with smiles, Tommy rushed up.

"Daddy," he said, "I've been spreading out a little more. It's just like this; I'm hiring so many fellows now in my hotel business that I get behind when I do the rough work; it keeps me busy all the time running about and bossing. Of course as a boss, I've got to be dressed up. I found out the other day that I was losing money by taking my time to shine my shoes and press my clothes. I could hire somebody else to do that and use my time to better advantage. So I went up in the 'Garroot' this morning to see if I could hire a cheap man to do that work, and who do you think took the job?"

"I'll give it up," I replied.

"Well, I'll tell you. It was Charlie," And with that he went into convulsions of laughter.

"Go upstairs now, Daddy, and you will see him shining my shoes," Tommy said, as he stopped laughing long enough to take breath.

I quickly walked upstairs. There was Charlie blowing his breath on the shoes, and polishing away with the utmost enthusiasm. As I entered there was a comical look on his face, as he gave an upward glance.

"Well, you had to come to work after all, didn't you?" I said.

"Yes, I did"; Charlie answered earnestly, and then with droll humor he added: "It struck me that this was the most genteel job I could get."

Time has passed and each of these boys is doing splendidly in the commercial world."

The third fundamental thing about the Republic is the principle of self-government. In the Summer Camp days "Daddy" George started out making all the laws, doing all the thrashing himself and he found that it kept him pretty busy. He had to thrash as many as 32 days some mornings. He was accustomed to perform this exercise in the presence of the entire colony in a big tent. One day it struck him that he was providing a considerable amount of amusement at the most of a good deal of hard work for himself and he conceived of the idea of using the group of boys and girls as a jury. Acting upon the thought, he had the two boys up for punishment state their cases to their fellow-citizens, who promptly brought in one guilty and pronounced the other also guilty but recommended him to the mercy of the court. It developed that the boys feared judgment at the hands of their fellow-citizens more than they did from Mr. George and the number of offenses temporarily decreased. Then another "crime wave" came and it occurred to Mr. George to impose a different type of punishment; so instead of thrashing the boys, he set them to picking up stones in a large, stony lot, while their fellow-citizens stood about and peered at them. One day when there was an unusually large number of culprits and his adult helper was ill and he had no one to watch the boys who were picking up stones, it suddenly occurred to him to use one of the larger boys as keeper. He picked out one of the toughest members of the Park Gang in New York City, which had its hang-out at Paradise Park near the old Five Points. "Banjo," he said, "I am going to make you keeper." "All right," Mr. George," he said, striding forth with a military bearing, "I'll see dat day hustle." "And," Mr. George relates, "he was as good as his word. He took them out and they hustled. It was a tired lot of prisoners that appeared at the dinner hour. They had been able to fool the adult keeper at times, but they couldn't fool Banjo; he knew their tricks. Banjo was duly installed in the position of prison-keeper and we had no more 'crime waves.' The next day we didn't have a single person to be tried; nor the next; nor the next; nor the next!"

This was the beginning of self-government in the Republic. In the Republic of today the self-government by the boys and girls is absolute with the exception that there is possible an appeal to the Supreme Court which consists of the Directors of the Republic Association who are adults interested in the enterprise. The laws of the Republic are simply the laws of New York State, except insofar as thy have been amended or changed by the direct action of the Republic. For instance, in the early days of the Republic some of the girls (for about one-third of the 200 citizens are girls) came to the poles prepared to vote, but their votes were challenged. The girls objected. "We have just paid our taxes," they said, "and we have a right to vote." But as New York State does not allow women to vote they were denied the suffrage. Then ensued a period of agitation, and, as a result, the boys by a two-thirds vote, adopted an amendment to the constitution, providing votes for women. I asked the young man who showed me about the Republic how Woman Suffrage worked in the Republic. He assured me it was a failure, that the girls voted for the fellows who could dance best and hadn't any political sense anyway. I asked Mr. George about it late that night as we sat on the veranda in the moonlight talking it all over. He laughed as he replied, "The fellow you were talking with ran for President last year and was defeated by the girls' vote. He has personal reasons for not believing in Woman Suffrage."

The officers of the Republic consist of a president, a judge, a jailer and a policeman, and these officers are all elected from among the boys in very exciting political contests. The jail is a real jail with steel cages and the court is a real court, presided over by one of the boys with the utmost seriousness and dignity. Absolute silence is required in the courtroom and it is a serious matter for the boy or girl who is on trial. Here are some of the cases that were brought up the night I was present at court:

A girl 16 yars old, charged with trespassing. She had walked on the lawn instead of the walk. Discharged with warning.

A boy of 18 arrested for indecency. He had worn the same shirt for four weeks! Warned and fined $1.00.

A boy of 16, charged with aggrevated assault. He had been caught hitting a prisoner. Held in jail for a jury trial.

A boy of 17 charged with having tobacco in his possesison. Held in jail for jury trial.

A girl of 18 charged with resisting an officer. She ran out the back door when he attempted to arrest her. Fined $3.00.

A boy of 11 charged with trespassing in the pantry. Held for trial, on $6.00 bail.

A boy of 18 charged with conversing with prisoners. The judge said, "The court is sorry to see you here for your record has been good, but too much of this is going on. The law must be upheld. I fine you 35c."

These are samples of the 22 cases brought before the court that night. Each case was handled wisely and cleverly by the judge and oftentimes a very telling lecture was administered in connection with the sentence.

The power of this Republic to take hold of boys and girls lies in the fact that it is not a play republic; it is the real thing. The citizen finds that he simply has to earn an honest living and, if he stays in the Republic long enough, he gets the habit. He learns that he has to obey the law. It is no play court that he is up against but one which dispenses prompt justice and enforces its penalties. He comes to have a wholesome regard for law and a particularly wholesome scorn for those who break the laws and put him, as a citizen, to expense and trouble, for the rest of the citizens have to support those who are in jail.

And back of the machinery is the strong personality of "Daddy" George. Some critics belittle the Republic, saying, "It all depends on his personality." To be sure it does. No form of government will run without strong personalities behind it, not even the Great Republic outside. But "Daddy" George couldn't begin to do for the boys and girls without the machinery, what he is doing for them with it.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN'S NEW BOOK, "THE LABOR QUESTION.

Referring to your review of Washington Gladden's new book, "The Labor Question," I was much interested in the tone and manner of your review. I am glad to note that the editor of the Pacific is beginning to realize that Brother Gladden does not sound the full depths of the question or realize that perhaps there may be sides to the question that do not reveal themselves to his vision; in the very outset he assumes that there is a feudalism in American Industries, that captains of industry assume lordship, not leadership, both of which are visions of a pipe dream. Of course, if there were such conditions Mr. Gladden's theories would be exceedingly interesting, but when we realize that he has erected a man of straw, for the purpose of building a book around him, we realize that he himself is producing the conditions which he effects to abhor by injecting into the situation an erroneous view which is most demoralizing, because it inspires the worker with the idea that if his employer had no wealth he himself would have that which the employer now has when as a matter of fact they would be poor together. It is no exaggeration to say that the wealth of the present day is the product of the genius of the man who has had the sagacity to see the opportunity and the brain to develop it. The opportunity was there for every one and there were no obstacles in the way of anyone developing them.

To read Mr. Gladden's theories one would suppose that there was a regularly organized band of captains of industry very much like the lords of feudal days who have gathered about them forces which they themselves have set in motion to enslave their fellow-men. When we realize that there is no captain of industry in all this broad land who is not a leader to his own surprise we can see the absurdity of the claim, and further it is patent to every thinking man that the force of every industrial leader dies with him —he does not, he cannot transmit it, and let him desire as much as he will to lord it over his workmen he cannot and he does not do it, and if every industrial leader today would accept Mr. Gladden's theories as absolutely correct, not all of them together would know how to put any forces in motion to stay the catastrophe. The full development of Mr. Gladden's theories lead to but one end and that is the destruction of all industries, for without the incentive of reward the mind refuses to act and progress ceases, and the only end of such conditions is the "man on horseback" and a return to serfdom. M.

Among the Churches.

Angel's Camp, Cal.—Rev. D. Goodsell is called to the church at Angel's Camp and accepts to begin work September 1st.

Oakland, Fourth.—After three months of most pleasant and helpful association with the Rev. B. L. Brittin as acting pastor, the Fourth Congregational Church of Oakland desire to make this bond of unity a permanent one. Mr. Brittin was installed as pastor, Tuesday, August 29th, the examination exercises were held at four o'clock in the afternoon, and this was followed by a supper; the whole was concluded in the evening with the regular installation ceremonies. The church is sure that it has drawn a prize in Mr. Brittin as its pastor—a strong, earnest and godly man, one who "practices what he preaches."

San Francisco, First.—Dr. Aked will occupy the pulpit next Sabbath and will administer the Sacrament. It is likely there will be an overcrowded house at both services. The Rev. George Laughton has most acceptably performed the duties of acting pastor in the five weeks' absence of Dr. Aked. The regular session of the Sunday-school is now before morning service, not as formerly after it, but the Adult Bible Class meets in the auditorium directly after morning service. A normal Sunday-school teachers' class has been started in the morning, using as a text-book for accurate study, "Training the Teacher," a work approved by the Committee on Education, International Sunday-school Association and published by The Sunday-school Times Co., Philadelphia.

Oakland, Plymouth.—The pastor has recently returned from a six weeks' vacation trip through the Eastern states and is reporting his impressions in the following series of evening sermons. These addresses are appearing week by week in "The Pacific." They are as follows, the General subject being "Seven Cities — Their Difficulties, Their Achievements as Seen by a Vacation Wanderer": Aug. 20th, Rochester—Do It for Rochester!" Aug. 27th, The George Junior Republic—a city in miniature. Sept. 3d, Boston—a historic city facing the future. Sept. 10th—Hartford—

"the land of steady habits." Sept. 17th, New York—"the melting pot." Sept. 24th, Cleveland—should the city own a farm? Oct. 1st, Chicago—the greatest thing in a great city. Oct. 8th, The Gist of It All—what about Oakland?

La Jolla.—The hegira of teachers, preachers and business men from the heated inland valleys of California, has resulted in the usual large quota of summer visitors at La Jolla. In the congregation of late have been noted the following, among others: Pres. J. Willis Baer and Prof. Esterley, of Occidental College; Profs. Lyman and Stearns of Pomona College; Rev. Elmer A. Bess of Clinton, Iowa, and Rev. E. F. Hallenbeck, D.D., of San Diego. At the August meeting, the Women's Missionary Society enjoyed the privilege of listening to Mrs. George W. Marston and Mrs. Dunlevy, of San Diego, and Mrs. Geo. Robertson, of Mentone, President of the Women's Home Missionary Union. Up to date, the church is way ahead of its per cent of benevolent apportionment, and everything promises a continuance of the creditable showing. Raising its Benevolences by the Duplex Envelope System, there is an entire absence of worry and friction in this matter. The pastor, Rev. Shelton Bissell, has been conducting a Men's Bible Class each Sunday, taking for the generic theme, "The Recovery of the Bible." It is a frank effort to stimulate intelligent interest in and love for the Scriptures, by means of an approach made possible by the best constructive Biblical critics. Much intereset is being manifested, among those attending being Prof.. William E. Riter and Mr. Ellis Michael, of the Marine Biological Station, Prof. Esterly of Ocidental, Prof. Stearns of Pomona, and Prof. Winne, of the Highland Public school. The class enrolls over a dozen names.

Los Angeles, Pilgrim Church. — Twenty-two people were received into membership the last Sunday in August, making a total of fifty-three since the beginning of the present pastorate six months ago. Of these seven have been from Congregational, fifteen from Methodist, and twenty from Presbyterian churches. The comparatively small number of transfers from churches of our own denomination is notable. Congregations have increased steadily during the summer months, each succeeding month averaging higher than any previous one. The evening congregations are larger than those in the morning. Once a month the young people of the church present a Biblical drama published by the Pilgrim Press. These are given without costume or attempt at impersonation, and are preceded by a short address by the pastor. A Christian Endeavor Society,, organized three months ago, is proving of great benefit. The parish is growing at the rate of fifty families a month. The first of the branch libraries, the gift of Mr. Carnegie, will be erected in the park near the church. It will cost 35,000. Mr. Dennett was chairman of the committee from the community which influenced the Library Board to select this site. A vacation athletic club was organized early in the summer with a competent paid director, the funds for which were raised in a mass meeting in the church early in the spring. The work has been carried on among the school children and has been so successful that an effort is on foot to continue it on a larger scale during the year. A Christian Church has been perfecting plans for organization in the community and will begin with tent meetings a few blocks from the church in the immediate future. Mr. and Mrs. Dennett are taking a two weeks' vacation in the mountains.

CHURCH SEEKS LOAN.

Market Street Congregationalists Will Make Improvements.

Stating that they are in need of $9,000 with which to build a new church and to carry on other work, the trustees of the Market Street Congregational church have filed a petition for permission to mortgage the church at Fourteenth and Myrtle streets.

It is desired to borrow the $9,000 from the Congregational Church Building Society of New York.

The action is the result of a recent meeting of the church, at which time it was unanimously voted to petition the Superior Court for permission to make the loan.

The above was clipped from the Oakland Enquirer, but this office had no news directly from the church.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Washington Conference of Congregational Churches will meet in Pilgrim Church, Seattle, September 19th.

The Northern California Conference of Congregational Churches will hold its next annual meeting in Berkeley on the third Tuesday of October.

The Pomona College library lacks a copy of the minutes of the third annual meeting of the General Association of Southern California. This is for the year 1889. Any reader of The Pacific having a copy and who is willing to give it to the library will confer a favor by communicating with the librarian.

The Rev. Albert W. Palmer of Plymouth Church, Oakland, began last Sunday evening a series of sermons on "Seven Cities — Their Difficulties, Their Dreams, Their Achievements, as Seen by a Vacation Wanderer." We have asked Mr. Palmer to give us each week portions of these for The Pacific. The first appears this week. The subjects are: "Rochester—'Do It for Rochester!'"; "The George Junior Republic"—a city in miniature; "Boston" — a historic city facing the future; "Hartford" — "the land of steady habits"; "New York"—"the melting pot"; "Cleveland"—should the city own a farm? "Chicago"—the greatest thing in a great city; "The Gist of It All"—what about Oakland?

On the afternoon of August 16th, at the home of the bride's parents in Montclair, New Jersey, took place the marriage of Miss Marie Louise Richards and Paul Terry Cherington. The bride is a daughter of Rev. Charles H. Richards, Secretary of the Congregational Church Building Society, and Mr. Cherington is a son of the late Rev. F. B. Cherington, formerly pastor of Westminster Congregational Church, Spokane, and of Plymouth Congregational Church, San Francisco. He is also a brother of Rev. R. B. Cherington, pastor of the Congregational Church in Porterville. Mr. and Mrs. Cherington will live in Cambridge, Mass., he being an instructor in the Graduate School of Business Administration of Harvard University.

MINISTERS' MEETING.

At the meeting last Monday of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity, Professor John Wright Buckham of Pacific Theological Seminary spoke on "Church Life and Worship in Europe." Professor Buckham has been abroad most of the past year and spoke from the standpoint of the student and close observer. In Germany he found the Protestant church life very decadent. The

church is archaic there and has lost its hold on the people. It seems to strive to perpetuate the beliefs and methods of the Reformation period, and is not alive to new thought and new methods.

In Rome Professor Buckham found original Christianity greatly perverted and distorted. The Roman church seems rotten from bottem to top, and clings to a creed which modern thought has shattered into fragments. St. Peter's is only a great resplendent pagan temple, revealing very little of the spirit of Christianity. The pope is but little more and better than a parish priest, and his advisers are blind reactionaries. The people are drifting into religious indifference, and relations with the Vatican are growing constantly more strained. In the little Waldensian Church, however, one breathes the very air of sincerity and reality as in the church of the first century.

Next Monday there will be a union meeting in the Y M. C. A. building to plan for the Gipsy Smith evangelistic campaign.

There will be no meeting on the 4th of September. The next will be on the 11th of September.

Inasmuch as there is no meeting for several weeks, the ministers and others will confer a favor by sending in to 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, all possible items of church news.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF THE PACIFIC.

Will the readers of the Pacific remember that the Woman's Board of the Pacific convenes in annual session in the First Congregational Church San Francisco, Tuesday, September 6—Morning session, 10:30 o'clock; afternoon session, 1:30 o'clock?

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

More matter for publication has been received during the past week than would fill two papers the size of the Pacific and our contributors must bear with us; indeed, several of the articles written in the office and intended for this issue, were preferably deferred in order that many more important themes might see the light.

WOMAN'S BOARD MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific will be held on Wednesday, September 6, 1911, at the First Congregational Church, San Francisco. Sessions at 10:30 a. m. and 1:30 p. m.

It is only by fidelity in little things that a true and constant love to God can be distinguished from a passing fervor of spirit. To be silent, to suffer, to pray when we can not act, is acceptable to God. A disappointment, a contradiction, a harsh word received as in his presence is worth more than a long prayer.—Fenelon.

Whatever we are, high or lowly, learned or unlearned, married or single, in a full house or alone, charged with many affairs or dwelling in quietness, we have our daily round of work, our duties of affection, obedience, love, mercy, industry, and the like; and that which makes one man to differ from another is not so much what things he does as his manner of doing them.—H. E. Manning.

The Home.

FATHER LEADS THE WAY.

By John Talman.

Years and years ago, when I
  Was just a little lad,
An' after school hours used to work
  Around the farm with dad,
I used to be so wearied out
  When eventide was come,
That I got kinder anxious-like
  About the journey home.

But dad, he used to lead the way,
An' once in a while turn 'round an' say—
So cheerin' like, so tender—"Come!
Come on, my son, you're nearly home!"
That allers used to help me some,
An' so I follered father home.

I'm old and gray an' feeble now,
  An' trimbly at the knee,
But life seems just the same today
  As then it seemed to me,
For I am still so wearied out,
  When eventide is come,
An' still get kinder anxious-like
  About the journey home,

But still my Father leads the way,
An' once in a while I hear him say—
So cheerin' like, so tender—"Come!
Come on, my son, you're nearly home!"
An' same as then, that helps me some,
An so I'm follerin' Father home.

WOMAN'S ATTITUDE TO WOMAN.

By Margaret E. Sangster.

William Black, in Kilmeny, makes Hetherleigh say to that enchanting young woman, Polly Whistler, "You women are so very distrustful of each other."

"I suppose it's because we know ourselves so well," was Polly's answer. One constantly happens on bits of talk like this in literature, and most of us have heard similar conversations in real life.

The unconscious attitude of woman to woman is naturally the definitely characteristic one. It is not a pose, nor is it the result of effort, study, or intention. Observing the spontaneous and intuitive judgments of women upon each other, we may eliminate from consideration the verdicts of clubs, and feminine organizations in general, where a somewhat enthusiastic esprit de corps obtains. Here is cultivated what is styled loyalty to sex, a term which is rather diverting, as if women were hostile to men, or men drawn up in battle array against women. We are all human beings, and one sex complements the other, and thus makes possible the sweet relationships of the family and of society. Personally, I have a great reluctance from

that phase of the question which presents woman spelled with a capital W, and in that mythical creature, the New Woman, I do not believe. I have yet to dscover her in college, in business, in church work, or in the home.

Looking at what we may call the subconscious and automatic attitude of woman to woman, it is curious to note that it is usually tinged with suspicion, or, at least, with watchfulness. Women have more self-consciousness than men, spring more swiftly to the defensive, and at heart are much more cautious. Two women, strangers, meeting by accident, are not so ready to fall into conversation as are two men in similar circumstances. Women stand more stanchly on conventionalities; they prefer to be properly presented before they are aware of each other's existence. In public conveyances, I grieve to say that women are often less courteous and less gentle than their comrades, men, and the rougher the latter in appearance the more polite they are found in yielding places and offering small services.

A woman accused faces her sisters at the bar with a prejudice to be overcome. Men are generous, or tolerant, or willing to exercise charity toward men until there is proof of their wrongdoing. Women, in most cases, leap to conclusions. Where men judge women they lean to mildness, look for extenuating circumstances and find excuse in concurrent conditions. Women, holding their standard high, seeing ever before their eyes a lofty ideal, have small patience with folly and weakness in their own sex. Their hot scorn withers the erring. After a little their second thought may be compassionate, but the first is almost surely austere. It is the feminine way to pierce with unerring insight to the core of things, and to be disturbed when women fall short of the highest virtue. Nothing is so abhorrent as a false position.

Therefore, it is that women are slow to condone sins which originate in the wrong relations of the sexes. As a class, they are incapable of charity; as individuals, they make little of inherited tendencies, of infirmities of temperament and of overwhelming temptation. The erring girl finds barriers of iron firmness raised against her; never is her sin forgotten, and she is pardoned only with a reservation, which keeps the gates of her lost Eden forever closed against her return.

Even where there was, as in the case of George Eliot and Mr. Lewes, an exceptional situation, which many defended and none set down to an absolute lapse from morality, the average woman was pitiless. English women were the admirers of the great author's magnificent genius, but they stayed away from her home, and she was not asked to theirs. She was Mrs. Lewes only by courtesy; clever and brilliant men were proud to break her bread, but to women she was, and remained as long as Mr. Lewes lived, an outsider. Perhaps here was the explanation, in a resolute effort to rehabilitate herself, of her inexplicable marriage with Mr. Cross, which made Marian Evans, spinster, a reputable wife.

One feels vaguely that women can do no otherwise than they do. The education of the ages has made them watchful, jealously so, on this point, and while they may apparently overlook the offense of one who takes a wrong step, they never really forget or forgive. Here and there a woman may do so, but women in the large never. And most women feel that this position is tenable and safe and altogether appropriate.

Women are very ready to aver that they prefer to deal in business with men rather than with women. They find among men a little more standing room, and if the matter to be settled is one not exclusively feminine, no affair of gowns and bonnets, but of stocks and bonds, of real estate, of some transaction which is to go on for years, they put confidence in men, very wisely. In these phases of business men have experience and discipline and women are wholly untrained. But in such small, everyday concerns as buying at retail over a counter, women often find men more helpful, less irritable and much more gracious and patient than the average women are. A salesman is a being of immense amiability. A saleswoman bears with her customer, a woman like herself, only to a certain point. Her endurance has its limitations.

In the home environment, fathers and daughters are often more sympathetic, less apt to misunderstand one another, and more tolerant and congenial, than are mothers and daughters. The time of early girlhood is often very trying to the mother and to her young daughter; the same period is one of complete correspondence between the girl and her father. Mothers get on smoothly with their sons. The subtleties of sex are complementary, and so God has set the race in families, and made father and mother each essential to the right upbringing of their offspring. That there may be friction argues no lack of love between the mother and the woman-child who is a replica of herself, and the days at last dawn when there is harmony, though jarring chords may usher them in.

When all this is said, it must be acknowledged that women have keen vision for one another's foibles and faults not only, but also great and unstinted appreciation for each other's excellences. They are showing this in the many philanthropic and civic works which they now carry on, and they have always displayed it, notwithstanding occasional minor infelicities, in the campaigns they plan and execute for charities, for missions, for the church and for Christian effort everywhere.

THE DEACON'S ADVICE.

"Think more of the harvest and less of the labor,"
Said good farmer Smith to his neighbor one day,
Who paused on the hillside, both stony and sterile,
To chat with the deacon, hard-handed and gray.

The prospect seemed cheerless where even weeds wilted,
And oft would the husbandman growl and lament,
Yet still he worked on, with heart unconfiding,
Vexation his portion, instead of content.

Soft dews and warm rains on the hillside descended;
A capital crop blessed the young farmer's eyes,
"Oh, fool that I am," in the autumn he murmured,
"My summer-time doubt I now deeply despise!"

"I might have been spared all the fretting and worry;
The deacon was right, and my duty was clear—
'Think more of the harvest and less of the labor,'
I'll sing both in spring and in autumn next year."

"Think more of the harvest and less of the labor,"
Should be the grand motto of all as they toil;
For God will bless those who act nobly and wisely,
And flowers will spring from unpromising soil.

Our Young People

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

By Anna M. Pratt.

Whenever Elsie came from school
And fell to senseless fretting,
Complaining of her comrades thus
(Her own mistakes forgetting):

"I think they're very selfish girls,
On all my rights they trample,"
Her mother always said, "My dear,
Did you set a good example?"

If ever in a crowded place
With people jostling nearly,
She felt her neighbor's elbow push,
And criticised severely:

"Their manners are extremely rude,
I'm sure, if that's a sample,"
Her mother always said, "My dear,
Did you set a good example?"

Now, boys and girls, I hope my hint
Is plain, and that you'll take it;
Sometimes we lay to other folk
A trouble when we make it.

And if our friends seem harsh, they need
Allowance that is ample,
For half the blame is ours unless
We set a good example.

THE BROOK'S WORK.

One day a little brook tumbled out of its spring home on the side of a mountain and fell down, down, to a plain below. At first it was startled, but when it saw the same blue sky smiling down and felt the same warm sunshine on its bosom, it felt quite at home in its new surroundings, and paused to listen to the voices all around.

"There is work to do," whispered the trees, as they rocked their leaf buds in their cradles.

"There is work to do," chattered a squirrel, as he whisked up a tree with his food.

"There is work to do," hummed a bee, as she flew with her load of honey straight for the hive.

"There may be work for me to do," said the little brook, so it started downward on its course.

Sometimes it ran so fast that it seemed to be flying away with the little white clouds overhear; then again it crept slowly under overhanging branches of the large trees, hiding from the sunbeams, and came forth dancing and laughing to play with them again.

The birds came to drink and to bathe, and sang sweet songs with the little brook as it went merrily on its way.

Once it found a dam that some boys had made. It was fun to leap over that and set a little waterwheel turning at the same time.

While working and playing, the brook grew so large that men had made. It was so very large now that it could carry heavy logs to the saw mill. There, too, it turned a great waterwheel that sent a saw flying to make the logs into boards and lumber. Bushels of corn and wheat were found waiting to be ground, so it gave the miller's wheel a turn as well.

The brook was now so very large that it was called a river. Nothing seemed too hard for it to do. Great steamboats were carried along as easily as tiny leaf-boats could be carried when it was smaller.

One day the river found itself slipping into the ocean, where it seemed as if it might be lost altogether. It sighed for its own mountain home, so very far away, when a fairy sunbeam whispered, "Dear River, look upward; see the blue sky and the sun watching you still; they love you and will never let you be lost."

She had scarcley ceased speaking when the sunbeam fairies threw down a multitude of golden chains to lift the river into the sky, higher than its mountain home, and there it may find other work to do.—Cora E. Harris.

THE FEATHER TRAP.

One bright morning farmer Wiseman and his young son came into the poultry yard immediately after breakfast and it was soon apparent to every living creature in the yard that something unusual was going on.

The bantam rooster, who was bold as well as inquisitive, and who never lost an opportunity to acquire information, took his place on a fence near by and watched and listened He saw the farmer and his son set a tall pole firmly in the ground, then, by the aid of a ladder, the farmer climbed up, and put a dangerous-looking steel trap with a large heap of feathers, and on top of these he tied several chicken wings. Then the bantam rooster heard the farmer say:

"I have often caught owls this way, and I'm sure I can catch that thieving hawk that has been visiting all the poultry yards around here."

Then the bantam rooster crowed as loud as ever he could,

"It can't be done; it can't be done. Hawks are not owls. It can't; it can't be done!"

But the farmer went on with his work, and the bantam rooster grew so excited that he flew off from the fence, and did not stop until he landed right in the midst of some geese who were paddling about in a little pool under the poultry yard pump.

"Did you hear that?" he asked. "That man over there thinks he can catch a hawk as easily as he can an owl."

"Why, even a goose knows better than that," said the old gander.

Then the story went the rounds, carried eagerly from bill to bill.

"That man thinks he can catch a hawk as easily as he can an owl."

Such a crowing and a crackling, and a quacking as there was!

"What ails the fowls?" said farmer Wiseman. "Any

cattle, horses, deer and other large animals came to drink and to stand in its cool waters. It even carried children along in rowboats where they wished to go.

Farther on the brook leaped over a great mill dam that one would suppose the hawk was after them.'

"Dear me," said the brown Leghorn hen. I'm glad I'm not a 'human.' I believe I'd rather end my days in a fire than to know as little as a man."

"Yes," said the bantam hen, "any one would think that a creature as big as a man would know everything, but size doesn't count for much, it seems, for even I know that a hawk can't be fooled that way."

"No, indeed," said a big fat duck, "the hawk can see with one eye that those feathers are not on anything that's alive."

"What's the matter here?" asked a robin, who at this moment alighted on one of the pickets that surrounded the poultry-yard. "You are making a great racket about something, and I was almost afraid to stop a moment on my way to my nest."

A pert young Wyandotte pullet told the story of the trap and carried off one of the finest and fattest of her foolish as a human?"

"See here," said the robin, "you fowls think yourselves very wise, but there is one thing you haven't found out yet, and that is 'humans' are not all alike. My nest is in that big elm near the house porch, and yesterday I heard them talking about that trap, and a young lady was there who said she had studied about birds, and that the hawk wouldn't come near the trap. But the man said he guessed he knew more about such things than a girl; so he went to work at it this morning."

Then they all said they wished they could see that young lady, and they asked the poor robin so many questions, that he took to his wings and left them.

The very next day Mrs. Farmer told her husband, when he came to dinner, that the hawk had flown right past his trap and carried off one of the finest and fattest of her Plymouth Rock chicks.

"Oh, well," said the farmer, "we can afford to lose one chick, for the next time he'll alight on the pole."

But that very afternoon he came again, and the next day also he came twice, and the next, and the next, until Mrs. Farmer was nearly frantic.

"Come," she said to her husband, "you must do something about that hawk. He has begun carrying off my little turkeys.

So the farmer had to get a gun and shoot the hawk, and he took the trap down from the pole and hung it up in the carriage house.

The next time the robin came that way the fowls gathered around him.

"Did he tell the young lady she was wiser than he?" asked the bantam rooster.

"I didn't hear him, but I suppose of course he did. That's the way humans do, you know, and that is what makes them the noblest of God's creatures, because they always own up when they are in the wrong."

"Well," said the brown Leghorn hen, beginning to scratch with all her might among some dry leaves, "as I said before, I'm glad I'm not a human. To own up every time you're in the wrong must be a dreadful thing to do."

The other fowls made no comment on this statement, therefore, I have no means of knowing whether they agreed with her or not, but I am very sure you do not.

IN THE NIGHT.

By Sidney Dayre.

"Peter, I want you to run down to the store for me. Get a can of baking powder and have it charged."

Mother said it to Peter, and you would scarcely believe that such a few innocent words could have such an effect.

They drew up his forehead into a knot. They twisted his lips into a pout with the corners drawn down. They hunched up one shoulder. And they got into his voice so that it kept company with the other unpleasant things, as he said:

"O dear! I don't want to go to the store. I want to go down to the creek. Me and Ted's building a dam."

Mother looked a little sorry as she said:

"Well, if you feel that way about it I will find some one else. I can wait until Elsie comes home."

Peter went out of sight, still carrying the frown. But half an hour later he came back carrying the baking powder instead of the frown and pout.

"Here it is, mother. An—p'r'aps I'll go willinger next time."

He ran away, scarcely waiting for mother's kiss. But toward night, when the small boy came to the porch where mother and others were sitting she said to him:

"Why did you change your mind about doing my errand this morning, dear?"

"Oh!" Peter wiggled a little as she drew him to her lap, "I remembered how I'd think about it when I went to bed. And when I woke up in the night."

Peter was not always very strong and sometimes had, as some other children and many people have, a wakeful time in the night. Perhaps it was the quiet of the pleasant summer evening that led him on to say:

"Then I get to thinking. And if I've done anything mean and hateful in the day I think of that. And I'm sorry. And I wish I hadn't. And I think next time I won't. So when I didn't want to go to the store one bit this morning I happened to think of it in the night. Sometimes I don't think. And—sometimes I won't think. Then —well, it's dreadful in the night. If I haven't minded mother or if I've grumbled about sweeping the back porch, or been mean to Lizzie, or anything it all comes back.

"But, after a short pause, the little voice went on, "if I've done nice things it's so good to think of them. I wonder," after another short pause, "if big people think that way in the night."

"Oh, they do, dear," said mother.

Grandmother gave the little shake of the head which all knew meant that she was thinking very earnestly.

"Yes, yes, my dears. And the older they grow the more they feel it. For they have more and more of the wakeful hours. And more and more of a crowding and crowding of things that have taken place all through the years. Many will be forgotten, but, oh, so many will come up to make you, as Peter says, wish you hadn't if it was the wrong thing, or so thankfully rejoice over it if it was the right thing. Yes, my boy," she held his hand as he had come to wish her good-night, "don't forget that in all the days of your life you will be laying up things for the night —to make your waking hours sweet, or to cause you to toss with the misery of regret. Begin now, my dear, to lay up the sweet things."

"I'll remember what you say, grandma," said Peter. " 'Cause," he added, looking back, "it's so good, good, good, to have the sweet things come to smile at you in the dark and the quiet."

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